

THE DAILY BEE.

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It seems a little early for Mr. Bayard to stamp Missouri, but perhaps he considers it a doubtful state.

OBJECTOR HOLMAN does not object to his son drawing six dollars a day as clerk of his junketing committee.

AMONG the latest charges for removals from office is "offensive drunkenness."

NOT ratified with the acknowledged shortage in the wheat crop, the Chicago speculators introduced the festive grasshopper as a disturbing element in the wheat pit.

A CONSUMPTIVE lady of Chicago, while on a street car, and afraid that she was going to die before she could get home.

IN regard to grades City Attorney Connell very sensibly advises the city council that street grades be established by ordinance as rapidly as possible.

THE fact that a paying teller in a New York bank has disappeared leaving a deficit of \$100,000, is pretty conclusive evidence of looseness in the management of the institution.

IT is a very poor day in Chicago when Mayor Harrison can't think of something to keep himself before the public.

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INSIDE HISTORY OF THE RIEL REBELLION.

The defeat and capture of Riel virtually crushed the rebellion in the Northwest territory, but it did not end all the troubles. The Canadians now have in Big Bear and his 700 warriors a more determined foe than they had in Riel and his followers, but it is only a question of time when the government troops will whip them into surrender.

The inside history of the rebellion, which is now coming to the surface, puts Riel in a very unenviable light. It shows that his motives in stirring up the rebellion were of a mercenary character. He sought to blackmail the government out of money, and upon being refused he threatened to create trouble that would cost \$30,000,000. This threat he has succeeded in carrying out. Before the outbreak he visited Rev. Father Andre, an influential Catholic priest of Prince Albert, and tried to induce him to aid in getting the half-breeds to rebel, and to enlist other catholic priests in the movement, Riel promising that the church should receive half of all the half-breeds obtained by the rebellion. The proposition was indignantly rejected. Riel then wanted the government to give him \$2,000 to leave the country. At the same time he complained of the way he had been treated in 1879. He claimed that Sir John McDonald had promised him \$3,000, but that he had received only \$1,000. It was to Father Andre that Riel made his threat of creating a storm that would cost \$30,000,000 and a great deal of bloodshed, unless the government complied with his demand to give him enough money to carry himself and family to Lower Canada. When the government was informed of this it replied that it did not wish to hear anything about Riel, and that it would do nothing for him. He then precipitated the rebellion, taking advantage of the grievances of the half-breeds to cause them to follow his leadership.

Riel's true character, now that it is becoming known, together with his mercenary motives, is making him an object of contempt not only with the Catholics, but among the half-breeds, who begin to see how they were made his tools. If he is not convicted and put to death, he will probably be killed by those who have been wronged by his course. It is said that a secret society has been organized at Winnipeg, composed of men who were imprisoned by Riel, both in this and the previous rebellion, and those who have had friends or relatives put to death or tortured by the rebels, all of whom have sworn to kill Riel if he is not executed. It would seem therefore that the rebel leader has but a small chance to escape death.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S decision to recommend to congress some measure to relieve the supreme court of the press of business that now crowds its calendar is very timely. The docket is so overloaded with cases that it will take several years to clear it up, even if no new cases are entered. That something must be done is generally conceded. The docket, however, would not have become so overburdened had the judges of the supreme court performed a reasonable amount of work. The fact is that the judges are either lazy or too old to perform much work. Besides, we cannot see how any one can expect very much to be accomplished when they take an annual vacation of six months. If the president would recommend that the supreme court should do a full year's work for a full year's salary he would be heartily endorsed. If the supreme court is to be reorganized, it is hoped that some young and vigorous blood will be infused into it, and that the vacation be cut down to two months or less. If the slow-going and venerable judges that now occupy the bench and fritter away time and money could all be retired and their places filled with active, hard-working middle-aged men of acknowledged ability we venture to say that the docket could be cleared up in a reasonable time without any increase in the number of judges. The salaries are large enough to induce able and energetic lawyers to accept the position.

CONGRESSMAN HOLMAN, the great objector, will soon be in Omaha with his select committee to inquire into Indian affairs. The committee will be accompanied by their wives and other relatives, and while they may visit some Indian reservations conveniently near to railroads, it looks very much as if Mr. Holman had planned an extensive summer junketing tour. The first place that they will visit will be the Yellowstone national park. While they are viewing the wonders of this wonderland it is to be hoped that they will thoroughly investigate the affairs of the Indians in the park, thus combining business with pleasure. It is stated that they propose to visit Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington territory. In each of those sections of the country they will find many places of interest, but very few Indians, and they are in a peaceful semi-civilized state, and whose affairs do not need any investigation. If Mr. Holman would visit the Sioux and Crow reservations in this part of the west, or go down into Arizona and interview the Apaches he might possibly find something of interest and importance regarding Indian affairs.

THE oldest newspaper in the world, the Pekin Gazette, has lately taken a new lease of life. This venerable journal has changed its form. Established in the year '11, the Pekin Gazette has been published regularly since 1851. Under the new arrangement three editors are published; the first, the King-Pao,

PRESIDENTIAL PORTRAITS

Interesting Studies of Diaz, Barrios and Guardia. San Francisco Call. "Nob Hill is the right place for an artist. When he gets tired he can rest, gazing at the beautiful scenes which surround themselves before him."

Speaking thus, a friend and the writer passed the threshold of a noted local artist, perched on the summit of the city's fashionable hill. The object of the visit was to see the portraits of some Hispano-American presidents.

"I will begin with the greatest of all, Porfirio Diaz, president of Mexico," said the smiling and courteous artist, and he placed on the easel the portrait of the distinguished soldier. It was a remarkable likeness. There was something martial in the bearing, the uniform and scar on the face, adding still more firmness to the artist's expression.

"Here is the hero of the hour, Rufino Barrios," remarked the artist, as he placed another canvas on the easel. "What a splendid face!" exclaimed the friend; "that man is going to haunt me."

The artist smiled at the implied compliment. The impression made on the mind by the striking portrait is not easily effaced. There is something lurking in it, something partaking of the snake and the tiger. The color, somewhat of a copper tint, gives the face a deathlike appearance. The eyes are cold and calculating, his decision of character; his straight nose rather adds character to his face; his lips, extremely sensual, give credit to the numerous stories of the tyrannical way in which he satisfied his passions; his pointed head is strongly indicative of Indian blood; his beard and hair are like a woman's, and he has a fearful, heartless expression; there is something even in the look of the cloth that it seems that it could pierce through anything and everything. It is a stern face, showing intellect, supreme contempt for other people, inspiring dread, and fascinating at the same time. You feel that you are in the presence of a power, a character; you are attracted to him, as the snake is attracted to the fly that charms it into a snare. You see engraved on the face of that man an indelible will, a natural brutal instinct. "Barrios," remarked the artist, "had his good qualities. Sometimes he liked to pose like another Solomon. For example, a woman pawned her jewelry, which was real fine, and he had the money. The Jew, knowing how valuable it was, denied having it when she called for it. In her affliction she applied to Barrios for protection and justice. After hearing her story he told her to sit down and wait. In the meantime he sent an officer with a few soldiers to bring the jewelry back to the woman, and then he told her to get up and take her things. He would rather pay more than he owned than defraud any one. When I sent him some pictures with a message to show them to him, he took out of his pocket \$5 and handed it to him, though the general price for such a message there is only 25 cents. He said that he cared for money solely for the power it gave him."

"Had he a large family?" "Yes, seven or eight children, besides Mrs. Barrios' little ones, for whom he showed deep attachment. Undoubtedly there was true affection between Barrios and his children, for he said that he could scarcely restrain his emotion in a conversation about the picture of his father."

"Perhaps you would like to see a handsome Guatemalan woman?" Saying so, the artist took out the picture of a lovely Guatemalan, with such life-like expression as the artist had never seen before. They gazed upon a dashing military man with sufficient African blood to let even in a picture. It was the late President Guardia, of Costa Rica, of such unenviable fame—the same who died owing England millions for the famous Costa Rica railroad, the same who was paid for his services a personal debt whenever he could avoid it.

"He was the little Napoleon of Central America," said the artist. "He made himself president. He was a barefooted peon, who was picking coffee beans with his wife, Dona Amelia," and the artist put next to the Guatemalan's portrait, the picture of a fine looking, exceedingly white, but with a sad expression. "He became first a soldier and then a president, through a coup d'etat. He gained the adhesion of eleven patriots, who, having procured sufficient pistols and machetes (long knives), hired a man to lead up in his nose spread themselves out over his cheeks and swelled up in his temples. When they passed by the cartel or barracks, the driver called the sentinel and told him to ask the commandant if he would buy some zecate; that is, the driver, would sell it for half-price on account of the man he had hired to lead up the country. The sentinel having inquired of the commandant, who replied in the affirmative, the gates of the cartel were thrown open, the men drove in, the men jumped out, and by killing the commandant and every one who op-

THE ODD CHARACTERS ONE MEETS ABOUT A HOTEL LOBBY.

Washington Star. "Yes sir, I jumped right overboard and saved her—I don't care if I do. I don't drink often, but I'll take a little something with you. When a man's getting drunk, I think he needs a little something to brace him up, you know. Let me introduce you to my friends. Judge—Green? Yes, Green, Judge Green, Col. A—, Col. B—, Col. C—, Col. D—, They'll go along with us."

Then the whole party went off to the bar. We were in the lobby of one of the best hotels. The man that was doing all the talking was about 40, had long white hair under a black slouch hat, and had on a rusty black suit that shone in the back when he got up, and was well polished about the elbows. He was stooped in the shoulders and had a very cunning expression in his little gray eyes. He was an inmate of the hotel lobby. His companions were a broad brimmed hat a stranger from the west look about him. The colonels were all habitués.

"Barns," exclaimed the clerk; then he sat down and began to pick his teeth. "What?" said the Star man, who his elbows on the register. "The story fetches a drink all round," continued the clerk. "They're all bums, and they work the strangers."

"What's the story?" "Why, the Judge, as he calls himself and all the colonels, hang around here all time, waiting to be treated by some one whom they can talk into it. They all have their stories, and can generally make themselves heard enough to strangers to get the drinks out of them. They're a study. There's a whole gang of them, and there is a sort of free masonry among them. When one strikes a good thing he calls the rest into it, and the judge's story is generally good for drinks all round."

Just then the whole party shuffled out of the bar, and the stranger went off with a puzzled sort of look on his face. The judge and colonel distributed themselves among the cushioned seats. "Yes, sir, I've boarded here a long time," said the judge, as the Star man took a seat by him and opened the conversation. "I have got used to it. It's a sort of half-way decent place (patronizingly) anyhow, you know. I like it. Of course it isn't as good as my quarters in Paris. Couldn't expect that. When I was consul general to Paris—oh, yes, I was in Paris four years; I'd rather live there than any place in the world; I'd be there now but for a little incident. Yes, my quarters at Paris were very elegant. It came about my time that the incident I mean. That's what brought me back to this country. You see, when I was going over—I am a Virginian, you see, and went abroad for pleasure. When I was going over there was a very beautiful girl on board. She was just budding into womanhood, like a fresh spring rose. She was a real beauty, like a girl of eighteen. She was with her aged father. I was young then. I loved her when I met my eyes upon her. I loved her from distance. They were very reserved and I was proud—oh, when I think how those arms clung about my neck when I bore her from the black depths of the angry sea!

Here he stopped, and looked very hard at the Star man to see if he was having the proper effect. Then he swelled out his chest and spoke with an air of much importance. "Yes, sir, a storm came up and swept her off into the sea. I plunged in and saved her. Yes, I saved her. I plunged into the sea, and plucked her from the dark coral caverns of the deep!—I don't care if I do. Just a little something once in a while."

"But let's have the rest of the story first. Don't stop there," pleaded the scribe innocently. "Oh, yes!—Well, where was I? Oh, yes, I saved her—colony what did you say your name was? Well, colonel, of course they were very grateful. The old man was grateful, but the girl loved me—I know she loved me. But I lost track of them in Paris. There was a mystery about them—a great mystery. I know if she is alive to-day she loves me. And—oh, yes—my throat gets raspy from talking so long. Three years after I got a telegram from America saying that Gen. Blank, the young lady's father, had died and left me an immense fortune. I resigned my commission as minister plenipotentiary, and started at once for America. It was not the money. It was the young lady. What did I care for money. I had plenty. When I got here she was gone. The money was gone. An old uncle had sold everything and carried her off by force and hid her away—on some deserted island, I guess. I spent most of my own fortune looking for her. I'll get the money before long, but I shall never see her again. Oh, yes, I have instituted proceedings to recover the money."

Here he stopped and pressed his throat with his fingers and coughed. "My throat gets very dry when I talk long. You see, when I was minister at Berlin I got into the habit of taking a cocktail just at this time. It is a very bad habit. Let me introduce to my friends, Colonel A—, B—, C—, D—, etc., etc., and all the colonels who had been snoring on the leather settees filed out in front of the scribe. Col. A— was twisted all over on one side and propped up on a stool and had a sleep pipe up to his mouth. Col. B— was built something like a bottle. He had little feet and little legs, under an immense belly that had all settled down in one place. He wore a beaver that looked as though it had been boiled, and his face looked as if it might have been dipped in too, long enough to turn pink, like a lobster. The drugs of wine had settled in his nose, and instead of talking he stood still and wheezed. "Col. B— once led all the fashionable Germans here, but he has gotten tired of the life of a society man," said the judge. The colonel tried to smile, but coughed and wheezed instead, and the scribe in his nose swelled up in his nose spread themselves out over his cheeks and swelled up in his temples. All the rest of the colonels had long hair, red noses, and a great deal of dignity. On being informed that their new acquaintance was a temperance man, they scattered around among the seats, and the judge looked around as if he should get into the reading-room and fall asleep in a chair.

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